# THE MAID of the WESTERN ISLE,

COMPOSED & SUNG BY

## Mr. Spray

at his Concert NEW ROOMS Rutland Square.

THE WORDS BY.

## H. B. C. Esqr.

Entd. at Statrs. Hall. DUBLIN. Price 1s. 6d. Britsh.

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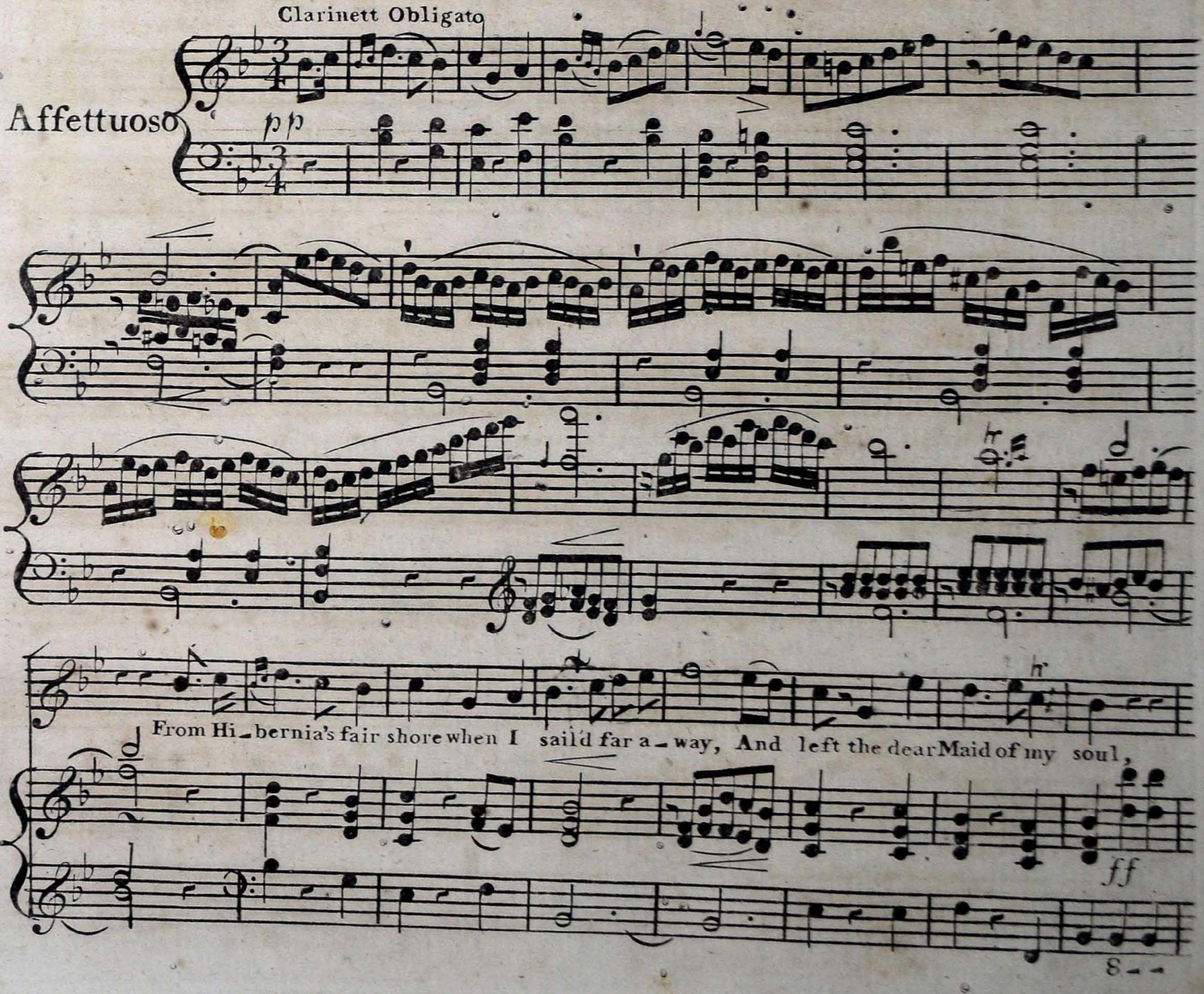
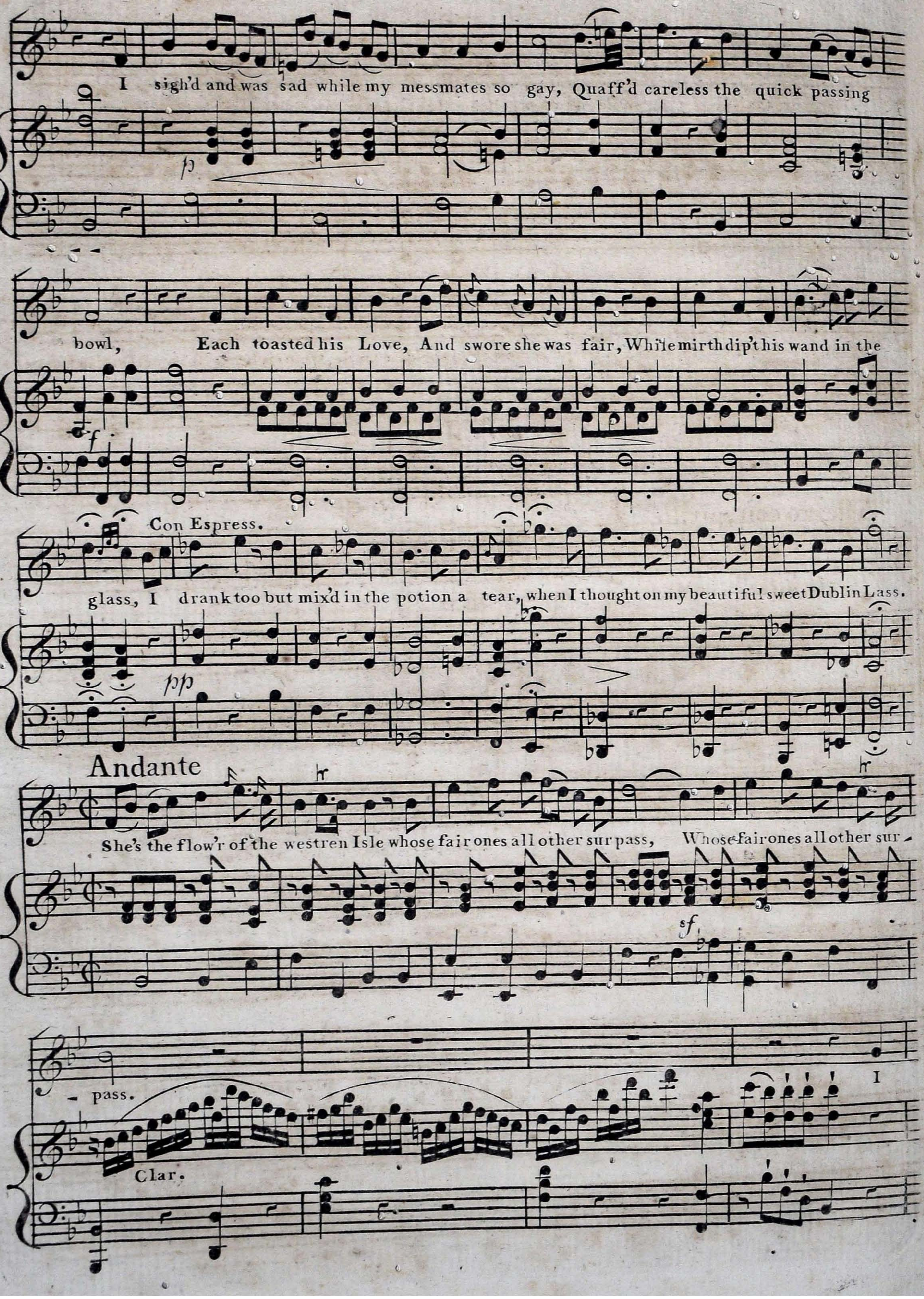
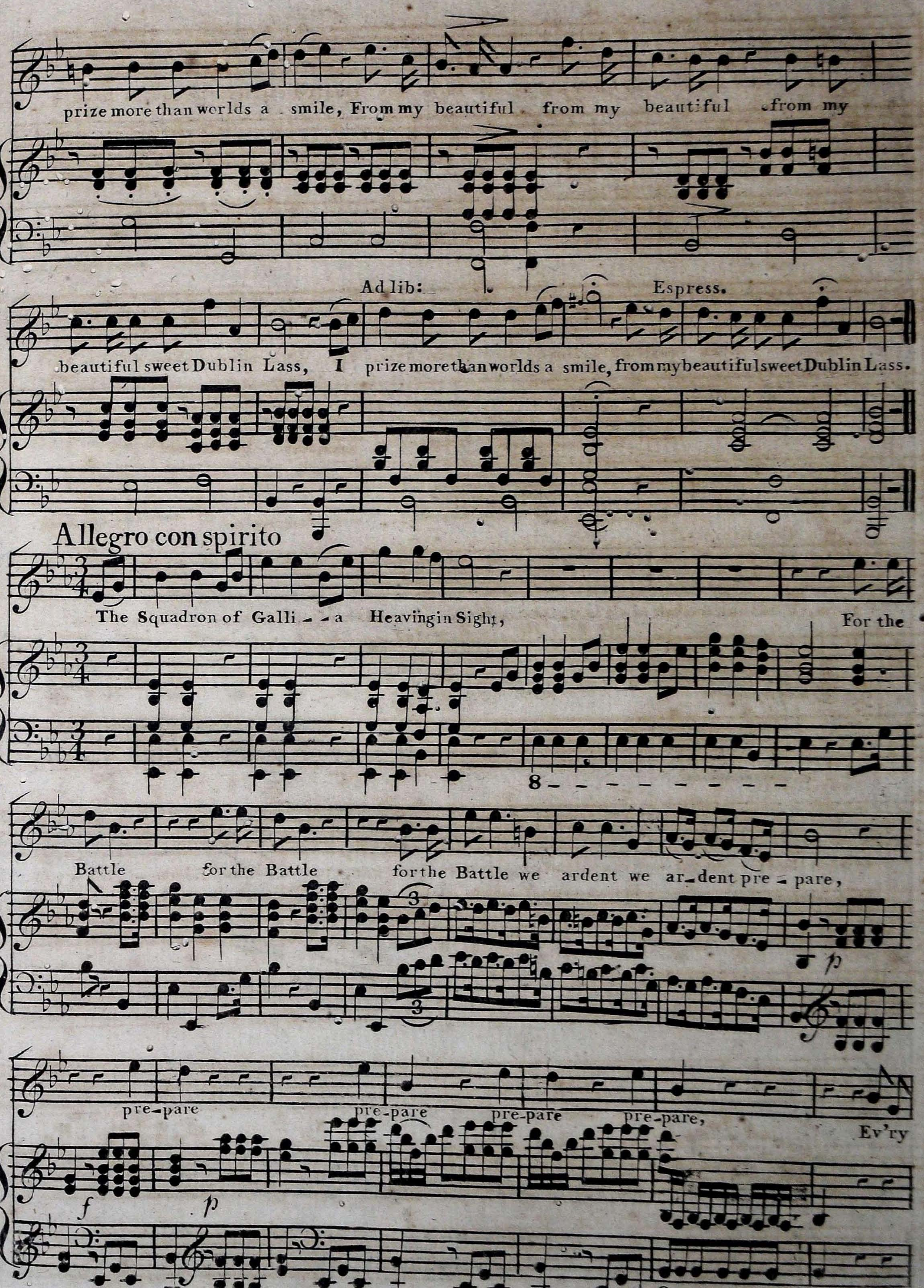
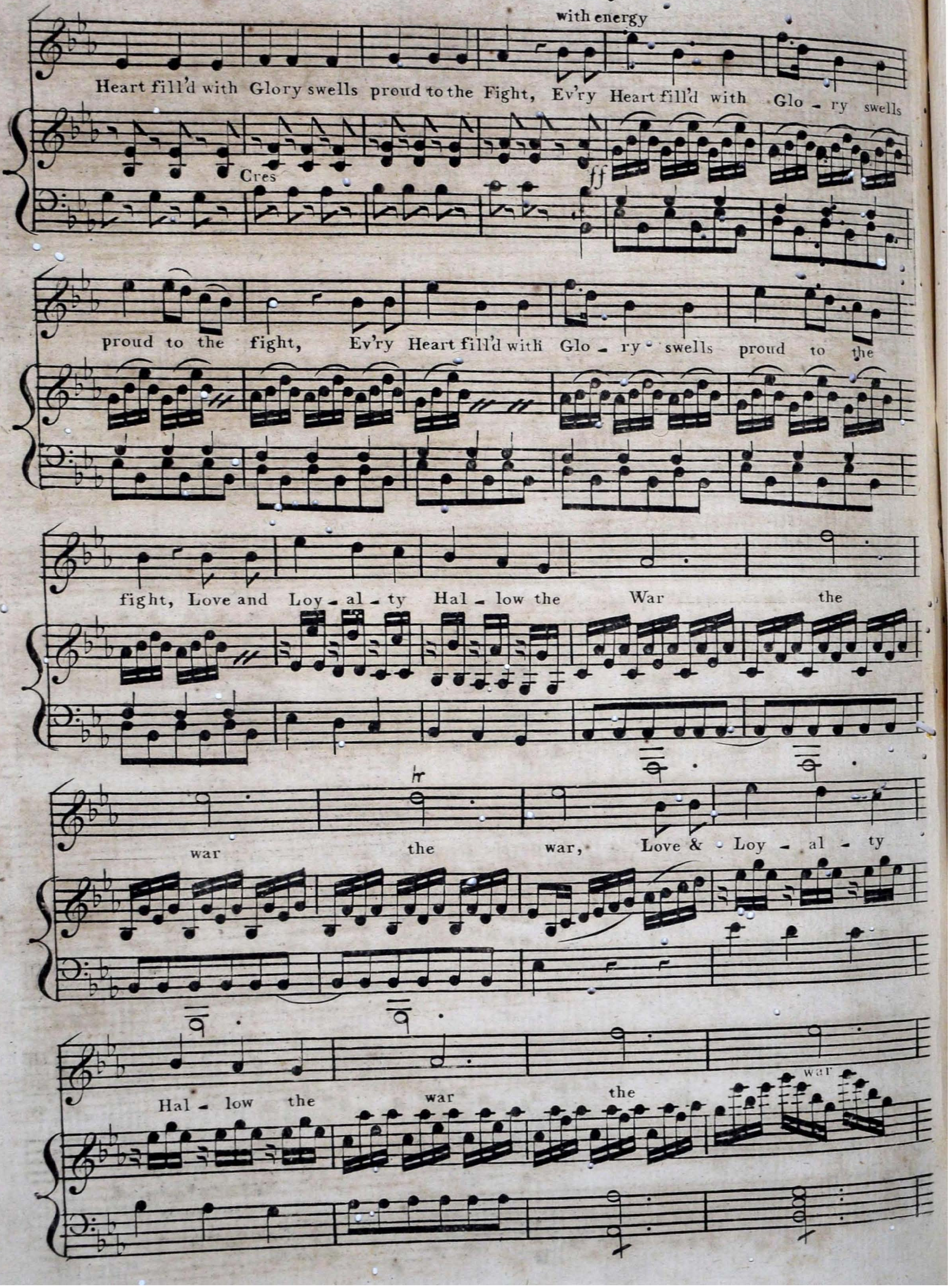



I sigh'd and was sad while my messmates so gay, Quaff'd careless the quick passing
p
bowl, Each toasted his Love, And swore she was fair, While mirth dip't his wand in the
f
Con Espress.
glass, I drank too but mix'd in the potion a tear, when I thought on my beautiful sweet Dublin Lass.
pp
Andante
She's the flow'r of the westren Isle whose fair ones all other sur pass, Whose fair ones all other sur-
sf
pass.
I
Clar.



prize more than worlds a smile, From my beautiful from my beautiful from my
Ad lib:
Espress.
beautiful sweet Dublin Lass, I prize more than worlds a smile, from my beautiful sweet Dublin Lass.
Allegro con spirito
The Squadron of Galli - a Heaving in Sight, For the
8
Battle for the Battle for the Battle we ardent we ar - dent pre - pare,
p
pre - pare pre - pare pre - pare pre - pare, Ev'ry
f
p
8


with energy
Heart fill'd with Glory swells proud to the Fight, Ev'ry Heart fill'd with Glo - ry swells
Cres
ff
proud to the fight, Ev'ry Heart fill'd with Glo - ry swells proud to the
fight, Love and Loy - al - ty Hal - low the War the
war the war, Love & Loy - al - ty
tr
Hal - low the war the war